The Theosophical FORUM

JULY 1900

OUR ARTICLES:

	PAGE
FROM A LETTER	41
ANCIENT PHYSICS	42
HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY	44
AUM	47
THE ROD OF AARON	49
THE PARABLE OF THE DREAMING RAM	54
THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY	56

PRICE, TEN CENTS

VOL. 6 NO. 3

Flushing

New York

THE THEOSOPHICAL

FORUM

ISSUED BY DIRECTION AND UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

VOL. 6. JULY, 1900 No. 3

FROM A LETTER.

"Do you know what I sometimes think? For any man all those around him are merely looking glasses. According to his own mood towards them, according to the "face" he makes at them, will be their response. In every man there is good and there is evil; and our idea of him depends on our own power of touching the good or the evil in him. When we make the good in him vibrate, we think well of him; when we arouse the evil, we think he himself is bad. This is the cause of all the dissonance in our opinions, when some man comes to be judged by us: one says he is a mean dog, another says he is an excellent man. In everyday life all this acts without our being conscious of it, and even whether we will or not.

"There is nothing so contagious as our moral mood. The same man is a hero, or a monster according to his mood. And in the gift of noting, directing and using the moods of others lies the secret of all great leaders, statesmen and business men. This is true only concerning people who are neither above nor below the average. Needless to say, specially strong natures are not so subject to the influence of other folks' moods. But everywhere and always there is contagion in the mood of the stronger nature."

ANCIENT PHYSICS.

Translated into our western method or mode of thought, the Eastern physics divide the universe into seven heavens or globes. These are globes within globes, not like the skins of an onion, but as will hereafter be explained. Three are spiritual; four are material. All-that-is is the result of vibration, on higher and lower octaves, of an universal something, called consciousness. As the keyboard of the piano is divided into treble and base, so the octaves of this vibration are divided into spirit and matter, the distinction between them being purely arbitrary and for purposes of study. Some of the ancient teachers make a distinction, saying that spirit is the Consciousness in vibration and undifferentiated, while matter is the same thing differentiated. It is all vibration, and reduced to its common denominator it is one and the same thing, for general study.

Physical matter, Prakriti, as we call it, is the lowest octave of this vibration. Each atom of Prakriti is composed of a large number of atoms of the ether, in chemical union, as a drop of water is formed of many quarts of oxygen and hydrogen gas; or, a better illustration would be, as a drop of liquid air is made from many quarts of air by reducing the rate of vibration. The ether, the ancients taught, was a form of matter beyond the Prakriti vibrating through one octave, known to us as Force. Beyond the ether was a third octave of matter known as Prana, from which the etheric atoms were made by chemical union. This Prana manifested itself in ether and Prakriti as Life. Beyond the Prana was a fourth octave, Mânasa, out of which the pranic atoms were made, and which was manifested to us as Mind.

The sun is the centre of a vast globe of ether, far within which there are small globes of Prakriti floating, and revolving around him. These globes of Prakriti are formed of the ether in which they float.

The etheric globe of which the sun is the centre is floating in a globe of Prana, having Alcyone for its centre of gravity. This Alcyonic system repeats the solar system, for many such solar etheric globes are revolving around it. The solar etheric globe it translated through this Prana at the rate of 4,000 miles per hour, but

this motion is for the whole etheric globe and the motion of the small Prakritic globes within the etheric is not affected by the revolution of the latter around Alcyone. The apparent change is the result of the revolution of the etheric globe on its axis.

Alcyone is a globe of Prana floating in a globe of Mânasa having a centre of gravity and many pranic systems.

This is the end of the material universe, which consists of one vast globe of Mânasa in which globes of Prana are floating. Within these globes of Prana are globes of ether, and within the etheric globes are small globes of Prakriti.

Modern science says that each atom of Prakriti is the centre of an etheric molecule. When the oxygen and hydrogen unite chemically to make the drop of water, all the gas is not used for water; some remains to make an "atmosphere," or envelope for it. When the ether unites chemically to make an atom of Prakriti, some of it is retained to form an atmosphere or envelope. "No two atoms (of Prakriti) touch," says Faraday. "Each atom (of Prakriti) matter, even in the hardest steel, is as far apart from every other atom as the stars in heaven from one another, in proportion to the size." Our modern physics recognize two octaves or planes of matter—the Prakritic and the etheric. The ancients recognized four—the Prakriti, etheric, Pranic and Mânasa. All modern science is built upon Faraday's "discovery" of the ancient teaching regarding the first two. Future science will be based on the four.

These four manifestation of matter are the "Earth, Air, Fire, Water," of the old philosophies. The air represents what we now call the Ether, the fire what we call Prana, and the water what we call Mânasa. This will be made much clearer later, but read with this key, they can be understood.

Each atom of the pranic globes has its Mânasic envelope. Each atom of the etheric globes has its envelope of Prana-Mânasa. Each atom of the Prakritic globes has its envelope of Ether-Prana-Mânasa. Western science says: "Each atom of Prakriti is the centre of an etheric molecule," but the Eastern science of ancient days added to that: "And each atom of that etheric molecule is the centre of a Pranic molecule, and each atom of the pranic molecule is the centre of a Mânasic molecule. Each atom of Prakriti is fourfold; each aggregation of atoms is fourfold. Each atom is a replica of the universe. As above, so below. The universe and the atom are One."

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

IV.

> " I understand, Socrates. It is because you say
> " that you always have a divine sign. So he is
> " prosecuting you for introducing new things into
> " religion. And he is going into court knowing
> " that such matters are easily misrepresented to
> " the multitude, and consequently meaning to
> " slander you there." *Plato.*

"Yes, Sir! Witch stories, and in this enlightened age! What do you call it but a witch-story, that very experiment you told me of, made by my friend the Spookical Researcher? Is it not witch-craft, to transfer pinches and burns, pain and suffering, in fact, though only slight in this case, to another person at a distance? Suppose it was not as an experiment, but in dead earnest, and with dire malice and evil intent? What then? Would the victim not feel it? Could he protect himself? And would not that be witchcraft in just the sense that sent people to the stake and faggot all through the Middle ages? Have you read the famous witch-craft trials at Salem? Yes, Sir! Witch-craft in this very enlightened age,—the darkest, most material, and unspiritual that the world has ever seen."

"Oh, but sending pinches by thought-transference can do no great harm?"

"You think not? Well, you don't know what you are talking about. That is the privilege of the young! Once the door is open for that sort of thing, where do you think it is going to be shut? It is the old tale; give the devil an inch, and he will take an ell; give him your finger, and he will presently take your whole arm. Yes, and your body, too! Do you not see the tremendous evils that lie concealed in hypnotism? Look at Charcot's experiments at the Salpêtrière! He has shown that a quite innocent person can be made to perform actions quite against his or her will; can be made to commit crimes, even, by what he calls Suggestion. And the somnambule will forget all about it, while the victim can never identify the real criminal. Charcot is a benevolent man, and will never use his power to do harm. But all men are not benevolent. The world

is full of cruel, greedy, and lustful people, who will be eager to sieze a new weapon for their ends, and who will defy detection and pass through the midst of us all unpunished.

"Yes, Sir! Witch-tales in this enlightened age! And mark my words! You will have such witch-tales as the Middle Ages never dreamt of. Whole nations will drift insensibly into black magic, with good intentions, no doubt, but paving the road to hell none the less for that! Hypnotism and suggestion are great and dangerous powers, for the very reason that the victim never knows when he is being subjected to them; his will is stolen from him, and mark my words: these things may be begun with good motives, and for right purposes. But I am an old woman, and have seen much of human life in many countries. And I wish with all my heart I could believe that these powers would be used only for good! Whoever lets himself or herself be hypnotized, by anyone, good or bad, is opening a door which he will be powerless to shut; and he cannot tell who will be the next to enter! If you could foresee what I foresee, you would begin heart and soul to spread the teaching of universal brotherhood. It is the only safeguard!"

"How is it going to guard people against hypnotism?"

"By purifying the hearts of people who would misuse it. And universal brotherhood rests upon the common soul. It is because there is one soul common to all men, that brotherhood, or even common understanding is possible. Bring men to rest on that, and they will be safe. There is a divine power in every man which is to rule his life, and which no one can influence for evil, not even the greatest magician. Let men bring their lives under its guidance, and they have nothing to fear from man or devil. And now, my dear, it is getting late, and I am getting sleepy. So I must bid you good-night!" And the Old Lady dismissed me with that grand air of hers which never left her, because it was a part of herself. She was the most perfect aristocrat I have ever known.

It was long after that, before we came back to the question of magical powers. In August 1888, H. P. B. had a visit from her old chum, Colonel H. S. Olcott, by far the most self-forgetting and effective friend she ever had. Colonel Olcott was writing, at a side table. H. P. B. was playing Patience, as she did nearly every evening, and I was sitting opposite her watching, and now and then

talking about the East, whence Colonel Olcott had just come. Then H. P. B. got tired of her card game, which would not come out, and tapped her fingers slowly on the table, half unconsciously. Then her eyes came to focus, and drawing her hand back a foot or so from the table, she continued the tapping movement in the air. The taps, however, were still perfectly audible—on the table a foot from her hand. I watched, with decided interest. Presently she had a new idea, and turning in my direction, began to send her astral taps against the back of my hand. I could both feel and hear them. It was something like taking sparks from the prime conductor of an electric machine; or, better still, perhaps, it was like spurting quicksilver through your fingers. That was the sensation. The noise was a little explosive burst. Then she changed her direction again and began to bring her taps to bear on the top of my head. They were quite audible, and, needless to say, I felt them quite distinctly. I was at the opposite side of the table, some five or six feet away, all through this little experiment in the unexplained laws of nature, and the psychical powers latent in man.

No experiment could have been more final and convincing; its very simplicity made it stand out as a new revelation. Here was a quite undoubted miracle, as miracles are generally understood, yet a miracle which came off. But at our first meeting, Mme. Blavatsky did not even approach the subject; none the less, she conveyed the sense of the miraculous. It is hard to say exactly how, but the fact remains. There was something in her personality, her bearing, the light and power of her eyes, which spoke of a wider and deeper life, not needing lesser miracles to testify to it, because in itself miraculous. That was the greatest thing about her, and it was always there; this sense of a bigger world, of deeper powers, of unseen might; to those in harmony with her potent genius, this came as a revelation and incentive to follow the path she pointed out. To those who could not see with her eyes, who could not raise themselves in some measure to her vision, this quality came as a challenge, an irritant, a discordant and subversive force, leading them at last to an attitude of fierce hostility and denunciation.

When the last word is said, she was greater than any of her works, more full of living power than even her marvelous writings. It was the intimate and direct sense of her genius, the strong ray and vibration of that genius itself, which worked her greatest achievements and won her greatest triumphs. Most perfect work of all, her will carried with it a sense and conviction of immortality. Her mere presence testified to the vigor of the soul.

AUM.

I am a spark from the One Flame in which I live and have my being.

I am a Ray from the Central Spiritual Sun, source of the One Life: that which is, was and ever shall be.

In essence I am of the uncreate, eternal Spirit of Life which knows neither Birth nor Death; which is without beginning and without end. For It is the One Existence, the only Reality.

From it come Gods and men, the worlds and all things thereon to unfold in thoughts the One Thought.

I am a Soul born from the Father-Mother Soul, which out of the uncreated essences creates both Gods and Men.

I am the eternal Pilgrim journeying through Life that I may build upon the Hills of Time with the essence of my heart, the Holy Shrines for the worship of the Most High.

I am as old as Time itself, and the hour of my death will never strike. Therefore, am I master of my life and conqueror of Death, which claims not me, but only my bodies.

For my bodies are the vestures woven by Nature from her elements, that I, the Soul, may come in contact with and know her.

My body is the earthly Dwelling in which I live whilst I study Nature, and at the same time instruct and elevate her.

For I am the heir to all knowledge. Limitless wisdom and power shall be mine.

I am the destined Master of the spiritual riches of all the Universes.

If it be asked why I should have to lay aside my body in what men call death? I answer: Because my body is composed of heavier, grosser atoms than those composing the Soul; and because of Nature's weakness in that her Soul but feebly reflects the Spirit.

Because I am before Nature; greater, mightier than her. For my years are numbered with those of the Ancient of Days which no man can count, while hers may be computed.

Because of my greater strength, my ceaseless rapid motion, whereby I cause the heavier, grosser atoms, given by Nature in providing my body, to vibrate with constantly accelerating force until a limit at which this may be done is reached. Then, the atoms, unable longer to sustain the strain, cease to polarize towards the in-

dwelling Spirit; and falling away from the controlling force of the Central Will run riot; each atom becoming a law unto itself. Hence the body, no longer obedient to the Master Will, falls into disease, death and decay. For the heat of the Soul's Divine Fire incessantly at work refining, purifying the coarser constituents of Nature, finally wears out all bodies in their specialized forms.

Yet by my greater spiritual force I impart to Nature's atoms my divine power, thus constantly helping her to rise in the scale of being. Leading her ever onward and upward towards the Central Fire of her life until Spirit shall permeate and redeem her every atom.

Then shall she weave for me bodies that shall bear the strain of my indwelling power:

Bodies in which I may live my immortal life; in which I may continue unbroken my work with Nature. Compelled no longer—through her weakness—to seek the realm of Spirit whilst Nature slowly weaves new bodies for the Soul that must await her handiwork.

Into all Realms of being I penetrate, seeking knowledge thereof. Bounds and limits stay me not, And in all the Spheres and Spaces I know of naught nor of any one that shall command: 'Thus far and no farther shalt thou go!'

Time shall not measure the limits of my flight; the Void hath no barriers against it. Immortal am I; deathless, diseaseless. Untouched by Time's withering finger I drink from the fount of eternal Youth.

Sorrowless, fearless I span the Eternities by the power of my dauntless will.

By my courage and daring I win from Nature all her secrets, and achieve initiation into the Mysteries of the Most High.

AUM.

THE ROD OF AARON.

" Matter comes out rather as a precipitate in the uni-
" versal ether, determined by a mathematical necessity;
" a grand and beautiful cloud-work in the realm of light,
" bounded on both sides by a world of spirits; on the
" upper and anterior side by the Creator himself, and the
" hierarchy of spirits to which he awarded immediate
" existence; and on the lower and posterior side, by that
" world of spirits of which the material body is the
" mother and nurse." *MacVicar.*

" Every time that analysis strips from nature the gild-
" ing that we prized, she is forging thereat a new picture
" more glorious than before, to be suddenly revealed by
" the advent of a new sense whereby we see it—a new
" creation, at sight of which the Sons of God shall have
" cause to shout for joy." *Prof. Clifford.*

" Hitherto the progress of science has been slow, and
" subject to constant error and revision. But, as soon
" as physical research begins to go hand in hand with
" moral or psychical research, it will advance with a
" rapidity hitherto unimagined, each assisting and classi-
" fying the other." *Julian Hawthorne.*

Brief articles in previous issues have called to mind the fact that there is a consistency in the workings of Nature which we all instinctively recognize and rely upon in the affairs of daily life and which furnishes the basis of all science; that is to say all classified knowledge. So we find the chemist studying the properties of elements derived from any small and familiar object, and, as the result of these investigations, obtaining information as to the qualities of a considerable proportion of the material, not only of this globe, but of other planets also. In like manner universal forces are studied by their action in producing the smallest phenomenon. No instance has yet come to human knowledge of a betrayal by Nature of our confidence in the impartiality with which her laws are applied to both great and small; and in fact inconsistency in this respect is unthinkable, for the great is made up of the small, and,

when we grasp in any respect an understanding of the active principle of the small, we have conquered the meaning of endless repetitions in time and space.

Passing then from the accepted fact that from the pebble, or the ray of light, we may learn much of the constitution of matter and of the play of universal forces, it was also suggested that the familiar phenomenon of the cyclic unfolding of life from the germ stage, and its re-infolding in this form, was of momentous and unlimited significance.

What does the growth of a seed prove?

It proves that all the parts of a wonderfully complex mechanism are predetermined, outlined in some way as to their developments both in space and time, but that the plan is not written down upon anything that can be weighed or seen. The germ, or egg, may be bulky, when a store of nutriment is provided along with the life center. A bean or an acorn is made up almost wholly of food supply for the form which unfolds from the germinal point. The egg of a bird contains enough material for a small and complete organism; but this material is crude and shapeless, and even in the germinal point no microscope can find any suggestion of a bird. When the unfolding of form takes place within the maternal organism the germ cell is microscopic and even when peered into with the highest magnifying power, there is found but a rudimentary structure wholly unlike even the simplest outline of the creature which will evolve. Whatever the significance of the simple structure of a germ cell may be, it is no more like that of the finished organism than the wards of a key are like the palace which it may unlock.

It is therefore a fact, as certain and universal as the rise and fall of the tides of ocean, that life unfolds and expands from the simple and homogeneous, through many complex stages; and that, while in the end the evolved form will dissolve into its primitive elements, its life, its guiding principle, combined with a picture and record of all that it has been, passes into an invisible condition of being, from which it again emerges.

We must not confound the pabulum of nature, matter and energy, with that which builds this food supply into form. The field of space is filled with pulsing world-stuff; but, whether dissolved into primitive sameness, or marshalled into complex and

wonderful differences, it should no more be confounded with the guiding principle than the shapeless contents of the egg should be confounded with that which determines the plan of its evolution.

Before the theologic nightmares of a dark age descended upon our religious intuitions, our Aryan ancestors grasped the broad relations of the conscious life of the universe to its cycles of material evolution. With the simplicity and directness which ever goes with the clearest philosophic thought, the egg symbol was used, not originally from any crude comparison relating to shell and yolk, but as typical broadly of the ideas suggested above and for which any germ or seed symbol might be used. The supreme and all-inclusive life was said to retire into an unmanifest condition, while worlds dissolved away into the waters of space. In due time, however, there was another period of expansion and manifestation, when, through successive stages, covering great periods of time, all that we call material was evolved.

The term for this all-inclusive and expanding life was Brahma or Brahm, derived from Sanskrit, a word meaning "to expand." All lesser and more limited aspects of consciousness, approaching what we call "personality," whether of gods or men, were included within this universal life, which could be contained in no temple and represented by no form.

Periodic manifestation and differentiation; evolution from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, as Mr. Spencer would put it, was symbolized by the egg. "Nature" signifies birth, and, if we apply the laws of birth which we see working all around us, we may be nearer to understanding the "nature" of suns and planets and all that they may at any time contain.

If there is any idea which is fundamental in "Nature" it is heredity, the influence of a past cycle of life upon that which is evolving in the present. We do not expect the structureless contents of an egg to differentiate by any accidental aggregation. All parental form might have absolutely vanished from the earth, yet we would expect a germ, should it survive, to evolve a close copy of the ancestral life and form. From life to life, from cycle to cycle, as we see lives and cycles of lives running their courses in endless variety all about us, we see a bridge, or continuity, extending from the visible, through the invisible, to the visible again. I say,

"through the invisible" because the complex life structure is not in the germ, which is simply a rallying point, or focus, for manifestation.

If this then is a ground principle of Nature, underlying all varieties of birth, all mechanism of reproduction, is it likely that from star to star life is unbridged and that each planetary or stellar cycle must run its course from primaeval chaos unguided by any predecessor?

If so, where do we find a parallel instance of Nature turning squarely back upon her tracks? Where can we find her faithful to a principle, to the very uttermost, in all lesser applications, and regardless of it in the greatest?

The ancient evolutionist seems to have been wiser in his day and generation than the modern.

It may be said by the hasty objector, that there is no analogy to be drawn from the lives of single organisms, wherein each structure is a complex unit, to the collection of disconnected units which the world contains; and therefore it may be said that there can be no hereditary relation between successive collections of lives, evolved upon planets which have followed each other in order of time.

This objection would have had more force some years ago than it can have to-day. Students of biology and particularly those who have studied most closely the evolution of life throughout the geologic periods, are more and more impressed with a feeling of the unity of the world life and of an advance as by some constant and inductive influence. For this it becomes more and more difficult to account by the familiar and semi-mechanical explanations of "spontaneous" or "accidental" variation, and "survival of the fittest."

These explanations certainly have their place, but can hardly cover the whole truth. At present even the most mechanically minded student of physics realizes that the matrix and base of all energy and of all phenomena is in the "ether" of space, and that there is a unity and interdependence among the grosser aspects of matter. Much more then may there be such unity in the finer forces, binding together the life of the whole, from the simplest of our fellow creatures to the most god-like being.

The idea of the unit life of a planet, of a development along certain lines, due to the influence of a preceding cycle of life, is not

so far from modern thought as it was a generation or two ago. There is a conservatism in such matters, which perhaps is well enough, because it keeps those who are learned, but feeble, from becoming mere cranks. It corresponds to the instinct for conventional propriety which serves as a stay to morality. This new-old idea may be sniffed at by the intellectually prudish, as an unlicensed speculation, a relic of paganism. Nevertheless there is much to commend it to the attention of thinkers, who are careful, and yet not deterred by the convenient label put up by mechanical philosophers, or by clerical mammas; "Minds Off. Unknowable."

It does not follow that, if deprived of the "carpenter theory" of the universe, of creation by a personal contriving God, the Big Man of the clergy, we must fall back either into a chaos of chance, or on a treadmill of blind and cyclic necessity. A broader outlook may give us all the "personality" which we may crave in our proximate relations to the infinite; all the share in the divine, to which we are entitled; all the free will and responsibility which most of us will care to carry; and with this some light upon the problems of "evolution" and the probable lines of expansion of both classified knowledge and philosophic thought.

But of these things, and also of that which casts its magic influence upon the waters of space, and of our share in wielding it, possibly more hereafter.

THE PARABLE OF THE DREAMING RAM.

From time immemorial domestic sheep have lived enslaved by man. Their true ancestors are unknown.

—*Braem's Natural History.*

Whether domestic sheep ever were free we may never know. Our earliest records show man with flocks and herds. From the grey dawn of time, through unnumbered centuries, the sheep has been an animal created especially for man—to feed him and clothe him.

Among the sheep themselves there is no tradition of a time when they were free; when they were not the slave of man. Their history begins with the day of their birth. In the personal history of any sheep this moment is the beginning of the world to him. He soon forgets the mother who bore him, and his sire and grandsire he never knew; so the history of the flock concerns him not. Even the memory of his birth and his early struggles grows dimmer and dimmer as he reaches the age of discernment. To him wisdom is knowledge of hay, grass, and mash—and forgetfulness of the things which concern him not.

Once upon a time, however, there was a ram who dreamed a dream so wonderful that he awoke with a start, every sense alert, and springing to his feet looked around in vain endeavor to see in waking what he had seen in dreaming. He tried to remember what it was he wanted to see. In vain! A distant horizon, covered with silvery mist, shut out his mental sight from the something which lay just beyond, whose formless shapes through the sheen gave not one definite outline; not one clear cut image.

"What was it I dreamed about?" he asked a wise old ewe who lay beside him.

"Go to sleep again," she answered angrily, true to the breeding of the race. "It was not that you should dream dreams you were brought from abroad."

The ram was a full-blooded English Merino, with a pedigree which went back to Spain, to the slopes of Mount Ida, and the valleys around Carthage. The owner had paid a fortune for him and expected great things from him. At first he was not disappointed. When the ram was placed over the flock he did not argue, or reason, or ask questions. He did not care why he had been brought there. The grass was tender; the mash was fine. He ate, and slept, and lived his life, mechanically and unreasoningly.

Why he had been born, where he would go when he died, troubled him not in the least. What his master wanted did not trouble him, for there was nothing he desired. He had neither rights nor duties to think of; nor doctrines, so far as he knew, to spread. To find the sweetest tufts of grass; to eat until he could eat no more; to sleep the dreamless sleep—that was life and living.

And now this dream! It was a revelation of another world. The shade was the same, and the valley and the flock of sheep; but from the moment he awoke it no longer meant the same to him. The grass was tasteless, the valley was chill and bare, the flock were not of his kith or kin. He ate less and slept more, for in his sleep the dreams would come.

He grew moody, cross, and irritable, as he felt without comprehending that there was another world, just beyond him, that he could not reach, or find or know. In vain he appealed first to the old ewes and after to the lambs. They stared, and went on eating or sleeping. They had no interest in thinkers or thinking; in philosophy or philosophers.

From the first dream, the ram never slept without dreaming, and soon his dreams became so attractive that he slept nearly all the time. He could not recall them when awake—not the faintest definite outline.

His hours of waking were spent in vain efforts to recall the fleeting shadows of his sleep. He knew that in his sleep he saw clearly and plainly, and that he had but to close his eyes and the picture would come again.

The ram grew emaciated, listless, glassy-eyed. The sheep drew together, frightened, at his approach. His strength grew less and less, until he could hardly be forced to lead the flock to pasture.

One night all were sleeping in the fold. The ram lay alone in the center, with none near him. Suddenly, in swift alarm he jumped to his feet. He stood erect, his legs stiff, his neck stretching, his head raised, his body shivering. He was trying to see; to hear. For awhile he remained motionless, and then heart-rending bleating shook the yard. The frightened sheep crowded in the corners in terror, while the watch-dog's bark joined in discordantly as he tried to quiet them.

The ram's eyes, now sightless, beheld the blissful secret of his dreams. His body shivered, his legs bent under him, and he fell—dead.

* * *

"What could possibly have been the matter with him?" the owner asked the shepherd.

"Sheep were not always slaves," the shepherd replied, "and in his dreams he saw himself a free ram."

III.

Thus we learn wisdom's first lessons, and set up two milestones on the path of our immortality. We need only substitute our inherent energy for the lust of sensation, to inherit all the primal power of the natural world, and all its beauty. We may knit our wills into the powers that hold the world in place, and share the freshness of the forests, the freedom of the human world; instead of living for vanity and bitter pride, we may cast all barriers down, opening our souls to the souls of men, and instantly inherit the treasure of endless life which gleams and glows in every heart of man.

Nor is our work then ended. Say rather that it now begins. For having reached this double liberation, we have won the power to pierce the secret of all secrets, the splendid and majestic mystery which rests at the heart of all life. For learning to stand upright and to feel our strength, we are soon touched with a dawning inspiration that there is vastly more of us than we dreamed; that we are far greater than even in golden moments we dared to hope; that the personal part of us we know and live in is but the antechamber, the outer court of the temple, while the true lord dwells within.

The divine web of instincts which holds us in the bosom of the natural world, gives no account of itself, nor can assign to itself any purpose; nor even does our human intuition show a definite end in view, a final purpose whereto all union and illumination tend. We must look elsewhere for the final goal, for the everlasting purposes which have had so great preparation, which hold such magical powers of creative instinct and unveiled intuition in their sway. The instinct in us urges us forth into the outer world by a revelation of life outside ourselves in every natural realm. The intuition of our hearts urges us beyond ourselves in another and more divine direction, impelling us to go forth from ourselves into the hearts of others like ourselves, to knock and enter every human door, till all be realized and possessed. There is something higher than instinct or intuition: there is inspiration, urging us to go forth from our personal selves, to rise above them to our immortal life; to inherit here and now celestial potencies; to make true for man the dreams we have dreamed of God.

It is for this that man has lived and toiled so many weary ages; it is for this that human hearts have struggled through milleniums of sorrow and hate: that they might learn the law. If we have greatly gone astray, this proves at least that we are free even to err; that our wills are master over destiny, even to our own destruction. If we have hated and deceived and lied, tyrannized and lusted and defamed, it proves at least that we are heirs of liberty in dealing with human souls, even to their infinite sorrow and to ours. If we have the right of wantonness, we have the right of strength; if we are free to injure, we are free to heal; and setting ourselves right at last with nature and with man, we hold in our hands the key to open the door whence our freedom came, to enter the deathless shrine where was woven the web of our stormy destiny.

Let us consider that the will in us, manifest as instinct and energy in our bodily selves, is akin to every force in the natural world, and can at the last bring every natural force within the hollow of our hands; let us also consider that the will in our human hearts is akin to every will of man, that the same divinity runs through all, impelling us all to oneness, to enter each others' lives, to raze all barriers between our own and others' souls; if we understand these two truths, we shall fully understand that our life is not contained and confined within this mere limited casket of our personal selves; that we are but the open doorways to the infinite divine; that for each mortal there is an immortal brother, strong and serene above the cloudland of our life, bending this life to everlasting purposes, leading our outcast pilgrim souls through rough and devious ways to the halls of peace, the dwelling-places of everlasting power.

This much is easily understood of every simplest mind: that he who would inherit bodily well-being, the young joy of the morning in his natural self, needs only to follow the revelation of instinct, to turn back from sensation and sensuality, to find cleanness and health in energy and power, and not in desire. It is a transformation of the whole animal life, through the will, easily understood and bringing instant evidence of rightness in the release of power within our natural selves.

This too is not hard to understand: that we do ourselves much human wrong when we try to live through vanity and bitter pride;

when we find each others' souls only to tyrannize and overreach them; when we try to thwart the free life and genius in each other, instead of helping it to the flower of its perfect life. Here again, it needs only a conversion of the will to bring us infinite peace, to set us right with all human souls; and this conversion of the will, so readily appealing to our understanding, will instantly justify itself by its first-fruits of love, joy, peace, and, even more than these traditional blessings, by an immense access of human power and light.

Grasping this, we shall more readily understand the greater matter, for which these two steps are but the preparation and first outline: the tremendous truth that we are to go through one more conversion of the will, changing from mortal to immortal purposes, to inherit our real selves. We have through the desert of our human history a few examples of what may be done by those who are true to their immortal part: in creative genius, divine valor, heroic sacrifice. Not the basest human heart that beats, but throbs in harmony with these better deeds, testifying its own inmost certainty that here our true destiny lies. Every pulse that exults with the hero slain in battle, bears witness of the soul's immortality; every glow of wonder and delight at the beauty and wisdom recorded of the seers is a foreshadowing of our own omniscience; our joy in all heroic deeds is the first gleam of our infinite power.

There stands above us, therefore, for each one of us, a present immortal; easily the equal of the highest life and power our human history records; and it is our destiny, through the inspiration of the will, to enter into the life of this immortal, to draw the everlasting power into ourselves, that even here and now we may inherit divinity. Nor does this mighty task depend solely on our personal selves; nor are we wholly responsible for its success, as we are not answerable for the shining of the sun. Yet we of ourselves must come forth into the sunlight.

There will come a time when the immortal brother shall interpose on our behalf, and we shall be drawn forth from the mortal world and rapt into paradise, hearing words not lawful for mortal lips to utter, for only those lips can speak of them that are already divine. No longer dimly overshadowed by the Soul, we enter through the silence into the very being of the Soul itself. We know that we

have found our treasure and inherited our immortality. With undimmed and boundless vision we behold the shining ocean of life. We enter the radiance and the realm. We are filled with infinite power, infinite peace. No longer heirs to the Power, we are the Power itself, in all its immeasurable divinity: the Power which was from the beginning, which shall outlive all ends.

As we rise to the vision of the immortal, there is silence, yet a silence full of song. There is darkness, yet darkness more radiant than light. There is loneliness, yet a loneliness full of living souls. The souls of the young-eyed immortals are there, who have passed over, and the souls of mortals yet unseeing, who shall follow after. We have entered the All, the sea of life whose foam and bubbles are the world.

Then the gloom closes upon us and we return from our illumination, descending again to the waking world. As we draw near, the whole landscape of life opens before us in scenery of shadow and sunshine. Sky meets earth on the horizon where we entered. Earth draws up again to sky before us, where we shall depart. We see spread forth the country we shall traverse, with hills and valleys leveled, as we view them from above. All the road is clear, nor do any formidable dangers threaten to overwhelm us, ere we enter into rest. For one long moment of our return, nought is hidden from us of all things that are to come.

When we unseal the inner fountain, its waters will never more cease to flow into our hearts, bringing life and light and everlasting youth. Many old well-guarded secrets will come to us and reveal themselves in the twilight stillness. Gradually the mists will lift from the infinite army of years we have lived of old, and from the long days that are to come. This one life of our mortality will take its true place in the undivided life, ranged with days vanished yet still here, with days that are not, yet already are. We shall unravel our tangled skein of fate, clearly seeing where and why we failed. The sins and sorrows of our life will take their true color, in the awful light of the all-seeing soul.

What each man's genius is, will be whispered to him in the silence, when he has found his way back to the immortal life. Thenceforward the genius will work in him, handling all the material of life in a new and masterly way. The perfect poet and artist, the

hero, saint and sage differ in this only from other men: that they obey the genius of valor and beauty who stands above them, yielding up the reins to their divinity, and offering their wills as workers for the light. As there is something creative and unprecedented in the life of every hero, in the work of every master of power and beauty, so should it be with us all. Our lives should be every moment creative, bearing always the power and light that are the sign-manual of our divinity.

To discover by subtlest intuition the word of the genius to our other selves, and in all dealings with them to second the will of the immortal even against their immortal selves, is our second task; and we need no longer go abroad to find our other selves. They come to us, pressing closely round our souls in vision or in blindness, in sadness or mirth, in love or hate, as doves and hawks tap at our windows, to be admitted from the winter's storms. But above love or hate or sorrow is the immemorial essence of our common soul, the holy presence of the everlasting life. We must bow to it in all things, dealing with the immortal in mortals, answering the needs of souls alone. Mortals are at strife, but the immortals in them never. All move in the one Life.

Yet when the last word is said, we are finally concerned, not with the works of our wills, nor with our other selves, but with the immortal Life that gives them life. Our lives and other selves concern us because they are of the Soul. But there is somewhat greater and more august than the Soul's sunbeams, however radiant and full of beauty. There is the infinite Soul itself, the perfect undivided Life. Thither at last shall all our footsteps tend. Thither when our works are ended, when we have reached oneness with our other selves, shall we come to rest, losing ourselves and them and all things to find them again in the immortal Life.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Secret Doctrine, (Vols. I, II and Index), *H. P. Blavatsky*,	$12.50
Key to Theosophy, *H. P. Blavatsky*	2.00
The Voice of the Silence, *H. P. Blavatsky*, cloth 50 cents; leather	.75
Studies in Occultism, *H. P. Blavatsky*, (6 Vols. at 35 cents)	1.50
The Ocean of Theosophy, *W. Q. Judge*, paper 25 cents; cloth	.50
Bhagavad Gita, compiled by *W. Q. Judge*, leather	.75
Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms, trs. by *W. Q. Judge*, morocco	1.00
Echoes from the Orient, *W. Q. Judge*	.50
Mystic Masonry, *J. D. Buck*	1.50
The Theosophy of the Upanishads	1.00
The Idyll of the White Lotus, *M. C.*, paper 50 cents; cloth	1.25
Light on the Path, (with notes), *M. C.*	.40
Esoteric Buddhism, *A. P. Sinnett*, paper 50 cents; cloth	1.25
The Growth of the Soul, *A. P. Sinnett*	1.50
Reincarnation, *E. D. Walker*, paper 50 cents; cloth	1.25
The Light of Asia, *Sir Edwin Arnold*, paper 25 cents; cloth	1.00
Lectures on the Bhagavad Gita, *T. Subba Row*	.75
Life's Questions, *Ernest Temple*	1.00
Civilization, its Cause and Cure, *Ed. Carpenter*	1.00
Reincarnation in the New Testament, *James M. Pryse*, paper 25 cents; cloth	.50
The Theosophical Forum, per copy .10, per annum	1.00
Astral Bodies, *H. P. Blavatsky*	.10
Psychic and Noetic Action, *H. P. Blavatsky*	.10
Epitome of Theosophical Teachings. *W. Q. Judge*	.10
Culture of Concentration, *W. Q. Judge*	.10
Astral Intoxication, *W. Q. Judge*	.10
The Purposes of Soul, *Jasper Niemand*, (*J. W. C. Keightley*)	.10
The Sleeping Spheres, *Jasper Niemand*	.15
Tao-teh-King, ("The Book of the Path of Virtue")	.25
Priest and People (Some Modern Failings), *Che-Yew-Tsang.*	.10
Brotherhood, *E. T. Hargrove*	.05
Short Glossary of Theosophical Terms	.05
The Necessity for Reincarnation, a tract, 2c. each or 100 for	1.50

The above and any other Theosophical books, pamphlets, and magazines can be obtained by mailing the prices quoted to :—

THE W. Q. JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,
P. O. Box 1584,
New York, N. Y.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

FOUNDED BY H. P. BLAVATSKY AT NEW YORK IN 1875.

Its objects are:

1st. The formation of a nucleus of universal brotherhood without distinctions of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

2d. The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences.

3d. The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychic powers latent in man.

The Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma or personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they demand for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling towards all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm *a scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *Path* they tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the President, Dr. J. D. Buck, 116 W. 7th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Admission fee, $1.00. Annual dues, including subscription to THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM, $2.00. Theosophical literature can be obtained from the W. Q. Judge Publishing Co., P. O. Box 1584, New York, N. Y.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM.

The Society is not responsible for any statements therein unless contained in an official document. Questions, answers to questions, opinions and notes on Theosophical subjects are invited.

Subscriptions $1.00 per annum. Single copies 10 cents.

All communications should be addressed, THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM, P. O. ox 1584. New York.